
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

CAWL Archives: Second World War

2-9-1944

1944-02-09, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

Jack P. Bell; February 9, 1944; World War, 1939 - 1945; World War II; World War Two; United States; War and Civilization -- History -- 20th Century; United States. Army; United States. Army. 78th Infantry Division; United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; Nashville (Tenn.) -- History -- 20th -- Century; Elyria (Ohio) -- History -- 20th Century; Women - History - 20th Century; Nineteen Forties

Keywords

February 1944; 1944; United States; eagle; American eagle; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; infantry; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; training; marching and drill; post-war hopes; Valentine's Day; holiday; gifts; gifts from home; kit; military equipment; homesickness; friendship

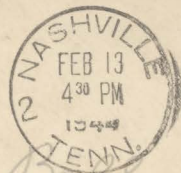
Identifier

2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1944-02-09_007

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Post. J. P. Bell 35052495
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
C/o Post. Instr. Nashville, Tenn.



Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio



U. S. ARMY

Wed. Feb. 9, 1944

Darling Fink,

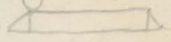
I know I should write you a letter tonite as it's been a couple days since I last wrote. We've been moving a lot. We haven't gotten mail for two days so maybe tomorrow I'll hit the jackpot.

Nothing new around here, so I'll just kind of make this a love letter.

How is my dimpled darling these days? I love you so, baby Fink I'm always thinking of you, and remembering all the wonderful moments we've spent together, and how swell the future is going to be when we can be together always.

Thursday

That's a heck of a way for me to stop right in the middle of a letter to my sweetie, but I couldn't find enough dry wood to keep the fire going. Tonite I have another candle so I'll try to finish this.

We're really snug as a bug here tonite. Four of us have our shelter halves pitched together. It makes a nice long tent closed at both ends - like this 

Our mail man still hasn't rounded up
our mail for us so this makes the third day
without a sugar report from my little sweetie.
We've been making a lot as things are pretty
much snafu.

I appreciate my watch more every day, honey.
It's keeping perfect time. We're in the ~~central~~
central time zone here, one hour earlier
than the time we kept in Henderson.

It seems as tho' I'm at a loss for some
thing to write unless I have a letter from you
you so I'll have questions to answer to help fill
it up. The old words are the same day after
day.

Monday is valentine's day, and I'm afraid
I'm not going to get anywhere to buy you a
valentine so will you forgive me this time
sweetie? You know you're my valentine
every day of the year, sweetie. As I've prom-
ised you before, we'll make up everything when
I get home again. You're such a wonderful
wife, always cheerful, and keeping me that way
too. Every day will be a holiday for us,
honey when we can be together again.

I love you, sweetheart. All my love,
and bushels of hugs and kisses which I
expect you to return immediately.

Your lover,
Jack

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE JAN 1944 – MAR 1944 #7]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Pvt. J. P. B[ell] 35052495

78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

C/O Pst. Mstr. Nashville, Tenn.

Free

[[Image: Postmark stamp with printed text:
“NASHVILLE / TENN.” encircling date:
FEB 13 / 430 PM / [1944]”]]

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio

[Page 2 – Letter]

[[Image: United States Emblem: Eagle with olive branch and arrows]]

[[print text: "U. S. ARMY"]]

Wed. Feb. 9, 1944

Darling Fink,

I know I should write you a letter tonite as it's been a couple days since I last wrote. We've been moving a lot. We haven't gotten mail for two days so maybe tomorrow I'll hit the jackpot.

Nothing new around here. So I'll just kind of make this a love letter.

How is my dimpled darling these days? I love you so, baby Fink I'm allways [sic] thinking of you, and remembering all the wonderful moments we've spent together, and how swell the future is going to be when we can be together allways [sic].

Thursday

That's a heck of a way for me to stop right in the middle of a letter to my sweetie, but I couldn't find enough dry wood to keep the fire going. Tonite I have another candle so I'll try to finish this.

We're really snug as a bug here tonite. Four of us have our shelter halves pitched together. It makes a nice long tent closed at both ends, like this [[Image: drawing of a long rectangular tent, triangles at both ends]]

[Page 3 – Letter continued]

Our mail man still hasn't rounded up our mail for us so this makes the third day without a sugar report from my little sweetie. We've been moving a lot so things are pretty much snafu.

I appreciate my watch more every day, honey. It's keeping perfect time. We're in the ~~centra~~ central time zone here, one hour earlier than the time we kept in Henderson.

It seems as tho' I'm at a loss for some thing to write unless I have [a] letter from ~~you~~ you so I'll have questions to answer to help fill it up. The old woods are the same day after day.

Monday is valentine's day, and I'm afraid I'm not going to get anywhere to buy you a valentine so will you forgive me this time sweetie? You know you're my valentine every day of the year, sweetie. As I've promised you before, we'll make up every thing when I get home again. You're such a wonderful wife, allways *[sic]* cheerful, and keeping me that way too. Every day will be a holiday for us, honey when we can be together again.

I love you, sweetheart. All my love, and bushels of hugs and kisses which I expect you to return immediately.

Your lover,

Jack